

CREATE YOUR OWN MYTH:

WHY DO DOGS HAVE TAILS?

CREATE YOUR OWN MYTH:

WHY CAN'T PENGUINS FLY?

CREATE YOUR OWN MYTH:

WHERE DOES THE MOON GO DURING THE DAY?

CREATE YOUR OWN MYTH:

HOW DOES THE DEW GET ON THE GRASS IN THE MORNING?

CREATE YOUR OWN MYTH:

HOW DID ZEBRAS GET THEIR STRIPES?

CREATE YOUR OWN MYTH:

WHY DO PEOPLE HAVE TEN FINGERS AND TEN TOES... NOT
NINE... OR TWELVE...?

CREATE YOUR OWN MYTH:

WHAT CAUSES THE TIDES TO GO IN AND OUT EACH DAY?

CREATE YOUR OWN MYTH:

WHY IS WATER CLEAR?

CREATE YOUR OWN MYTH:

WHY DO BIRDS HAVE FEATHERS INSTEAD OF FUR, LIKE OTHER ANIMALS?

CREATE YOUR OWN MYTH:

WHY DO ONLY SOME TREES LOSE THEIR LEAVES IN THE WINTER?

AESOP'S FABLE:

A HARE ONE DAY RIDICULED THE SHORT FEET AND SLOW PACE OF THE **TORTOISE**, WHO REPLIED, LAUGHING: "THOUGH YOU BE SWIFT AS THE WIND, I WILL BEAT YOU IN A RACE." THE HARE, BELIEVING HER ASSERTION TO BE SIMPLY IMPOSSIBLE, ASSENTED TO THE PROPOSAL; AND THEY AGREED THAT THE FOX SHOULD CHOOSE THE COURSE AND FIX THE GOAL. ON THE DAY APPOINTED FOR THE RACE THE TWO STARTED TOGETHER. THE TORTOISE NEVER FOR A MOMENT STOPPED, BUT WENT ON WITH A SLOW BUT STEADY PACE STRAIGHT TO THE END OF THE COURSE. THE HARE, LYING DOWN BY THE WAYSIDE, FELL FAST ASLEEP. AT LAST WAKING UP, AND MOVING AS FAST AS HE COULD, HE SAW THE TORTOISE HAD REACHED THE GOAL, AND WAS COMFORTABLY DOZING AFTER HER FATIGUE.

AESOP'S FABLE:

A COTTAGER AND HIS WIFE HAD A **HEN THAT LAID A GOLDEN EGG** EVERY DAY. THEY SUPPOSED THAT THE HEN MUST CONTAIN A GREAT LUMP OF GOLD IN ITS INSIDE, AND IN ORDER TO GET THE GOLD THEY KILLED IT. HAVING DONE SO, THEY FOUND TO THEIR SURPRISE THAT THE HEN DIFFERED IN NO RESPECT FROM THEIR OTHER HENS. THE FOOLISH PAIR, THUS HOPING TO BECOME RICH ALL AT ONCE, DEPRIVED THEMSELVES OF THE GAIN OF WHICH THEY WERE ASSURED DAY BY DAY.

AESOP'S FABLE:

A **SHEPHERD-BOY**, WHO WATCHED A FLOCK OF **SHEEP** NEAR A VILLAGE, BROUGHT OUT THE VILLAGERS THREE OR FOUR TIMES BY CRYING OUT, "WOLF! WOLF!" AND WHEN HIS NEIGHBORS CAME TO HELP HIM, LAUGHED AT THEM FOR THEIR PAINS. THE WOLF, HOWEVER, DID TRULY COME AT LAST. THE SHEPHERD-BOY, NOW REALLY ALARMED, SHOUTED IN AN AGONY OF TERROR: "PRAY, DO COME AND HELP ME; THE WOLF IS KILLING THE SHEEP"; BUT NO ONE PAID ANY HEED TO HIS CRIES, NOR RENDERED ANY ASSISTANCE. THE WOLF, HAVING NO CAUSE OF FEAR, AT HIS LEISURE LACERATED OR DESTROYED THE WHOLE FLOCK.

AESOP'S FABLE:

ONE HOT SUMMER'S DAY A **FOX** WAS STROLLING THROUGH AN ORCHARD TILL HE CAME TO A BUNCH OF **GRAPES** JUST RIPENING ON A VINE WHICH HAD BEEN TRAINED OVER A LOFTY BRANCH. "JUST THE THINGS TO QUENCH MY THIRST," QUOTH HE. DRAWING BACK A FEW PACES, HE TOOK A RUN AND A JUMP, AND JUST MISSED THE BUNCH. TURNING ROUND AGAIN WITH A ONE, TWO, THREE, HE JUMPED UP, BUT WITH NO GREATER SUCCESS. AGAIN AND AGAIN HE TRIED AFTER THE TEMPTING MORSEL, BUT AT LAST HAD TO GIVE IT UP, AND WALKED AWAY WITH HIS NOSE IN THE AIR, SAYING: "I AM SURE THEY ARE SOUR."

AESOP'S FABLE:

IT HAPPENED THAT A **DOG** HAD GOT A PIECE OF MEAT AND WAS CARRYING IT HOME IN HIS MOUTH TO EAT IT IN PEACE. NOW ON HIS WAY HOME HE HAD TO CROSS A PLANK LYING ACROSS A RUNNING BROOK. AS HE CROSSED, HE LOOKED DOWN AND SAW **HIS OWN SHADOW** REFLECTED IN THE WATER BENEATH. THINKING IT WAS ANOTHER DOG WITH ANOTHER PIECE OF MEAT, HE MADE UP HIS MIND TO HAVE THAT ALSO. SO HE MADE A SNAP AT THE SHADOW IN THE WATER, BUT AS HE OPENED HIS MOUTH THE PIECE OF MEAT FELL OUT, DROPPED INTO THE WATER AND WAS NEVER SEEN MORE.

AESOP'S FABLE:

A **CROW** HAVING STOLEN A BIT OF MEAT, PERCHED IN A TREE AND HELD IT IN HER BEAK. A **FOX**, SEEING THIS, LONGED TO POSSESS THE MEAT HIMSELF, AND BY A WILY STRATAGEM SUCCEEDED. "HOW HANDSOME IS THE CROW," HE EXCLAIMED, IN THE BEAUTY OF HER SHAPE AND IN THE FAIRNESS OF HER COMPLEXION! OH, IF HER VOICE WERE ONLY EQUAL TO HER BEAUTY, SHE WOULD DESERVEDLY BE CONSIDERED THE QUEEN OF BIRDS!" THIS HE SAID DECEITFULLY; BUT THE CROW, ANXIOUS TO REFUTE THE REFLECTION CAST UPON HER VOICE, SET UP A LOUD CAW AND DROPPED THE FLESH. THE FOX QUICKLY PICKED IT UP, AND THUS ADDRESSED THE CROW: "MY GOOD CROW, YOUR VOICE IS RIGHT ENOUGH, BUT YOUR WIT IS WANTING."

MYTH/LEGEND:

DEDALUS WAS A FAMOUS ATHENIAN ARCHITECT/ENGINEER THAT MINOS INVITED TO CRETE TO BUILD HIM A LABYRINTH. WHEN DEDALUS FINISHED, MINOS JAILED HIM IN THE LABYRINTH. DEDALUS HOWEVER, BUILD TWO SETS OF WINGS USING WAX AND FEATHERS, ONE FOR HIMSELF AND ONE FOR HIS SON **ICARUS**, AND THEY FLEW OFF CRETE. DURING THE FLIGHT TO ATHENS ICARUS ,HAPPY FROM FLYING, DECIDED TO CHALLENGE THE SUN. HE FLEW TOO HIGH AND THE SUN MELTED THE WAX THAT KEPT HIS WINGS TOGETHER. ICARUS FELL IN THE AEGEAN AND DIED.

MYTH/LEGEND:

THERE WAS ONCE A **FLOCK OF BIRDS** PEACEFULLY PECKING SEEDS UNDER A TREE. A HUNTER CAME ALONG AND THREW A HEAVY NET OVER THEM. HE SAID, "AHA! NOW I HAVE MY DINNER!" ALL AT ONCE THE BIRDS BEGAN TO FLAP THEIR WINGS. UP, UP THEY ROSE INTO THE AIR, TAKING THE NET WITH THEM. THEY CAME DOWN ON THE TREE AND, AS THE NET SNAGGED IN THE TREE'S BRANCHES, THE BIRDS FLEW OUT FROM UNDER IT TO FREEDOM.THE HUNTER LOOKED ON IN AMAZEMENT, SCRATCHED HIS HEAD AND MUTTERED, "AS LONG AS THOSE BIRDS COOPERATE WITH ONE ANOTHER LIKE THAT, I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO CAPTURE THEM! EACH ONE OF THOSE BIRDS IS SO FRAIL AND YET, TOGETHER THEY CAN LIFT THE NET."

MYTH/LEGEND:

TWO HUNTERS SAW A **WILD GOOSE** FLY OVERHEAD. AS ONE OF THE HUNTERS PLACED AN ARROW IN HIS BOW AND AIMED IT AT THE GOOSE, HE SAID, "THAT GOOSE WILL MAKE A FINE STEW." "STEW!" SAID THE OTHER. "IT WOULD BE FAR BETTER TO ROAST IT." "STEWED!" SAID THE FIRST, PUTTING DOWN HIS ARROW. "ROASTED!" REPLIED THE OTHER. THE ARGUMENT WENT ON. "LET'S ASK OUR CLAN LEADER TO DECIDE THE BEST WAY TO COOK THAT GOOSE." THE LEADER SETTLED THE ARGUMENT BY SUGGESTING THAT WHEN THEY CAUGHT THE GOOSE, HALF SHOULD BE STEWED AND HALF SHOULD BE ROASTED. IN THAT WAY, EVERYONE'S NEEDS WOULD BE MET. PLEASED, THE TWO HUNTERS WENT OUT TO SHOOT THE WILD GOOSE, BUT BY THAT TIME, THE GOOSE WAS SAFELY LONG GONE . . .

MYTH/LEGEND:

THERE WAS ONCE A MAN WHO WAS BEING **CHASED BY A FEROCIOUS TIGER** ACROSS A FIELD. AT THE EDGE OF THE FIELD THERE WAS A CLIFF. IN ORDER TO ESCAPE THE JAWS OF THE TIGER, THE MAN CAUGHT HOLD OF A VINE AND SWUNG HIMSELF OVER THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF. DANGLING DOWN, HE SAW, TO HIS DISMAY, THERE WERE MORE TIGERS ON THE GROUND BELOW HIM! AND, FURTHERMORE, TWO LITTLE MICE WERE GNAWING ON THE VINE TO WHICH HE CLUNG. HE KNEW THAT AT ANY MOMENT HE WOULD FALL TO CERTAIN DEATH. THAT'S WHEN HE NOTICED A WILD STRAWBERRY GROWING ON THE CLIFF WALL. CLUTCHING THE VINE WITH ONE HAND, HE PLUCKED THE STRAWBERRY WITH THE OTHER AND PUT IT IN HIS MOUTH. HE NEVER BEFORE REALIZED HOW SWEET A STRAWBERRY COULD TASTE.

MYTH/LEGEND:

THERE ONCE WAS A MAN WHO WANTED HIS **FIGHTING ROOSTER** TO BE MORE FEROCIOUS. HE TOOK THE ROOSTER TO A TRAINER. IN A FEW WEEKS' TIME HE RETURNED AND SAW THAT HIS ROOSTER DIDN'T SQUAWK AS LOUDLY. "NOT READY YET," SAID THE TRAINER. TWO WEEKS LATER HE SAW THAT HIS ROOSTER BARELY RAISED HIS NECK FEATHERS AND WINGS. "NOT READY YET," SAID THE TRAINER. ANOTHER WEEK PASSED. HIS ROOSTER LOOKED AS TAME AND DOCILE AS A CHICK. "YOU'VE RUINED MY FINE FIGHTING BIRD!" SCREAMED THE MAN AT THE TRAINER. "NOT AT ALL," THE TRAINER REPLIED, "SEE HOW CALM AND SECURE HE IS, HOW SERENELY STRONG HE STANDS TODAY. THE OTHER FIGHTING BIRDS TAKE ONE LOOK AT HIM AND THEY ALL RUN AWAY!"

MYTH/LEGEND:

THE KING OF BENARES WAS OUT ON A HUNTING TRIP WITH HIS WISE COUNSELOR. THEY STOPPED TO FEED THEIR HORSES SOME PEAS. SUDDENLY A YOUNG MONKEY DARTED DOWN A TREE AND SCOOPED A HUGE HANDFUL OF PEAS OUT OF THE FEEDING TROUGH. HALFWAY BACK UP THE TREE ONE PEA FELL FROM THE MONKEY'S FURRY HANDS AND, IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO CATCH IT, THE MONKEY DROPPED ALL THE PEAS HE WAS CARRYING. PEAS SCATTERED ON THE GROUND AND THE HORSES ATE THEM. THE MONKEY CLIMBED BACK UP THE TREE EMPTY-HANDED AND SAT SADLY ON A BRANCH. THE KING AND HIS WISE COUNSELOR WATCHED THIS EPISODE WITH AMUSEMENT. THE COUNSELOR CHUCKLED, "GREAT KING, WHEN FAR TOO GREEDY YOU BE, REMEMBER THAT **MONKEY AND THE PEA.**"

MYTH/LEGEND:

HERA, THE QUEEN OF MT. OLYMPUS, CAST A SPELL OVER HER SERVANT ECHO FOR TALKING TOO MUCH. AS A PUNISHMENT, **ECHO** COULD HENCEFORTH ONLY REPEAT WHAT SOMEONE ELSE SAID. POOR ECHO! SHE WAS IN LOVE WITH HANDSOME **NARCISSUS**, AND YEARNED TO TELL HIM SO! ONE DAY ECHO SAW NARCISSUS ADMIRING HIMSELF IN A CLEAR POND. LOOKING AT HIS REFLECTION, HE SAID TO THE FACE IN THE WATER, "I LOVE YOU." ECHO REPEATED, "I LOVE YOU," AND MEANT IT. BUT NARCISSUS THOUGHT IT WAS HIS REFLECTION THAT SPOKE AND STOOD GAZING AT HIMSELF UNTIL HE DIED. ECHO PINED FOR HIM TILL SHE, TOO, FADED AWAY. ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF HER WAS HER VOICE THAT CAN STILL BE HEARD IN CERTAIN HOLLOW PLACES, SENSELESSLY REPEATING THE WORDS OF OTHERS.

MYTH/LEGEND:

A CLEVER SMUGGLER CAME TO THE BORDER WITH A DONKEY. THE DONKEY'S BACK WAS HEAVILY LADEN WITH STRAW. THE OFFICIAL AT THE BORDER WAS SUSPICIOUS AND PULLED APART THE MAN'S BUNDLES, BUT NOT A VALUABLE THING IN THE STRAW WAS FOUND. "BUT I'M CERTAIN YOU'RE SMUGGLING SOMETHING," THE OFFICIAL SAID, AS THE MAN CROSSED THE BORDER. EACH DAY FOR TEN YEARS THE MAN CAME TO THE BORDER WITH A DONKEY. THE BUT HE NEVER COULD FIND ANYTHING VALUABLE HIDDEN IN THEM. MANY YEARS LATER, AFTER THE OFFICIAL HAD RETIRED, HE HAPPENED TO MEET THAT SAME SMUGGLER IN A MARKETPLACE AND SAID, "PLEASE TELL ME, I BEG YOU. TELL ME, WHAT WERE YOU SMUGGLING? TELL ME, IF YOU CAN." "DONKEYS," SAID THE MAN.

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WHO ARE THE CHARACTERS?

WHAT HAPPENS AT THE BEGINNING?

THEN WHAT HAPPENS?

HOW DOES IT END?

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